

Aleph

by Wrestlr

[?/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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For Mike R.

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- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories)
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Aleph

If I were to write you a pornographic story--knowing that the hypnotist you work with has told you that, whenever you read a porn story, you will relax and feel as if the events in the story are really happening to you--knowing that it's already happening to you now, already relaxing, already feeling yourself begin to fall--if I were to write a story for you, I'd start with your cock. I'd start by describing how hard it's already beginning to get, even now, just reading about it. I'd start by describing how your balls are getting that familiar tingling as your body begins to relax. I'd describe how, even now, you're getting that familiar tired feeling at the corners of your eyes. How that comfortable, relaxed feeling is coming over you again, the feeling you know and love so well, as your cock rises and your eyelids begin to droop just a little, just a little, not closing all the way though, because it's so easy for you to keep reading and keep feeling what my words describe happening in your head, because that's the way hypnosis works: my suggestions turning into your reality.

I'd tell you how hard your cock is now. So very hard and needy. It feels good to be hard, so relaxed there in your chair or on your bed, so hard and so relaxed and so focused on my words. If you're wearing pants or underwear, it's so easy to take them off. Just help them slip off as if of their own volition. Yes, that's so much better, isn't it? It's okay to let your hand wrap around your cock, familiar as an old friend, and start stroking it slowly. Slowly and gently--yes, just the way you're stroking it now.

And soon, right about now, you might start to feel something on your neck. Those would be my lips, kissing

your neck, nibbling gently at your earlobe, my tongue licking a line up and down your neck, flicking along the underside of your jaw.

Gay, straight; top, bottom--those labels don't matter right now. Now, there's just you and I. Your body so relaxed, cock so hard. These words--so easy to just relax and let them jump into your head--are my gift to you, and I know you're feeling my lips touching yours as we begin to kiss, slowly, then more eagerly. My tongue teases its way into your mouth. I know you're smiling because I'm kissing you the way you love to be kissed, the way you need to be kissed.

I know you're starting to feel my hands on your chest now, stroking your chest. If you're wearing a shirt, help it glide off of your body now. I know how you love the feel of my hands massaging your shoulders, caressing your arms, stroking your pectorals.

Yes, you're finding it so easy to relax and feel everything I'm describing as if it were actually happening to you. Because *it is* happening. You're feeling my fingers find your nipples and tease them in slow, concentric circles. You're feeling my tongue and lips--one final kiss on your chin--start their trek down your neck, pausing at the hollow of your throat, then making their march down along your collar-bone, detouring sharply down your chest. My fingers can read the Braille of your nipples, and my tongue joins in on one, running wet circles around the areola, then my teeth gently grazing over the nub, and the feel of my mouth sucking at it tenderly. Your nipples are hardwired to your cock, I know, and every time I do this you're feeling a spasm of pleasure in your hard, hard dick. My mouth glides across your chest to your other nipple, and the feeling hits your cock like a soft electric shock, making you need to cum even more, making you relax, settle back, and let my words lead you on toward your climax.

I know how easy it is for you to feel my hands around your ribs, holding you securely, making you feel safe and able to relax even more, these feelings becoming even more real, as my mouth eases its way, teases its way, down along your stomach. I feel you tense up a little as my tongue skirts the edge of your navel--are you a little ticklish here?--but I also know how easily you can relax again, just like you're relaxing now. Yes, that's the way. Just let me take care of you. I love you, and you deserve to be taken care of.

My tongue circles your navel, leaving a wet, warm trail around it. My hands stroke down your sides, baby, and anchor themselves temporarily on your hips. I'm in front of your cock right now, baby, but I'm not touching it. Instead, my hands continue down, parting your thighs. My hands massage the muscles there, helping you relax even more. I put my mouth between your legs and kiss and lick and tease the sensitive skin of your inner thighs. First on one, then turning to repeat the very same action on the other. I know your cock is there, baby--just a couple of inches away--but I'm ignoring it for now. Your hand is still stroking it slowly, and I can tell from how your balls are riding up that you need to cum badly, but we have plenty of time. Just relax. There's no need to rush.

In my story, I'd reach out my tongue to touch your balls. Tentatively at first, then firmer. We've danced this dance before, baby, and I know how you like to feel my tongue lapping at your balls, my fingers tugging them gently, just the way you're feeling me do it to you now. My lips engulf one of your balls and suck it into my mouth, where my tongue swabs over the sensitive skin of your scrotum. I know you love this feeling, the way it both relaxes you and excites you at the same time. I don't want your other testicle to feel left out, so I do the same thing to it. By now, I'm seeing the hunger in your half-closed eyes. You need this, baby, and you want it badly.

Those aren't your fingers on your cock, are they? No, they're my tongue, as I lick a line up the underside of your shaft. I know you love the way I run the tip of my tongue around the outside edge of your cock head,

and that's what I'm doing now, just the way you love it. I'm kissing the sensitive web underneath the head, right behind the piss slit, where all the nerves gather; maybe I'm nibbling it just a bit--gently, because I know how sensitive you are there. I know how a sensation this intense just makes you relax more, relax deeper into that pleasant place where everything I do becomes part of the blur of pleasure you're feeling.

My lips widen, slide over the head--just the head for now--and you feel my tongue swirl across the surface of your cock head. It hits every nerve, sending little slivers of pleasure up your spine to explode like Roman candles in your head. My lips are relentless, marching further down your shaft, but slowly--so slowly. More of your cock falls prey to my tongue, bathing it, caressing it, teasing it.

There. My lips are all the way down in your pubes, baby, and your cock feels like it's finally found a home in my mouth. I know you love the way my throat grips your cock like a warm, wet velvet sheath. Just relax and enjoy this feeling. That's right--just relax the way you're doing now.

I'm starting to slide my mouth back up along your shaft, and I know how the tremors of bliss are rippling through your body now. I've got the most sensitive part of your whole body in my mouth right now, and all you need to do is relax and let me help you feel great.

Your cock is already lonesome, wanting to be buried back in my mouth again, and I'm not even halfway off your shaft yet. I continue until there's just my lips kissing the tip of your prick, then I slide my opening mouth over the head and back down, securing your cock where it belongs, baby. Right where it belongs.

It can't last, baby. I have to let my mouth slide up along your cock again. Faster this time, and picking up speed. There's no other way. As much as you want to stay as buried in me as possible, I have to start this familiar up and down motion. There's no other way for me to make you feel this good, as good as you're feeling now, this deeply relaxed and needful way you're feeling now. I know you need to cum, baby, and I want to help you cum. Just relax, and let me help you, baby.

Those are my fingers you feel, rolling your balls in their sack, tugging on them gently. Your balls are riding up tight against the base of your cock. They're telling me they have a thick load they need to shoot out. They're telling me how ready you are, how badly you need to cum. They're telling me how well my words are doing their job, leaping right into your head and helping you feel my mouth as it makes you feel good.

I know you can't hold out much longer. I'm blowing you just the way you love to be blown. It helps you relax and feel the sensations even more strongly as that familiar feeling begins to flood through you. You can't hold out much longer. You need to cum, and I'm helping you get there. Your body is tensing up, which just helps you relax more deeply--just relax--and your balls feel like your cum inside them is boiling. Your cock feels white-hot, like every orgasm you've ever had is racing up and down the nerves of your shaft simultaneously, waiting for me so set them free to howl their way up through your body and into your head.

No one else has ever made you feel this good. I don't care about the other men in your life, baby, and right now neither do you--only I can make you feel this good, this intense pleasure. I know you're feeling it, baby, your dick stretched out like a high-tension wire in my mouth, charged up and ready to fire your cum out in one direction and your climax up through you in the other. Hold on as long as you can, baby. Feel it building. Feel it. Need it. Feel it.

Yes, baby. Now. Feel your orgasm explode over you. Every orgasm you've ever had, set free by my mouth and raging up along every nerve in your body, turning the inside of your head into the inside of the sun, white-hot and shining, as your balls pump your load out, out, out, hurling it into my mouth, and I swallow it,

baby; I swallow a part of you that I'll carry inside me forever, just like you'll keep the memory of this climax and remember it always after this story is over and you wake up: my gift to you.

That's it, baby. Ride it out. I know it's beginning to fade a little. You're starting to come down, returning to normal. Nothing that intense can last forever, baby. Already, your body is relaxing even more, leaving you limp, totally spent. I love you, baby, and even as you read these words, even as you feel them becoming real in your head, you know you love me. Always have. Always will.

This has been my gift to you, baby. I know how you always love to sleep after you cum, and I know you're feeling so deeply sleepy already. I know your eyes are beginning to close the rest of the way as you drop into a deep sleep. If I was to write you a pornographic story, knowing that as you read it you'd also feel as if you were living through it right then, it would be a love story, baby. I'd want you to know I'll always love you, baby, and I know you'll always love me. It's okay to let your eyes close now. Sleep now, and dream of me.
